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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1909.

Lynching seems to be coming popular in some sections of the country again.

Some people have a good time with smiles today, and a hard time with frowns tomorrow.

Now, some white folks want Register Vernon's job, but it will not be from any lack of effort on his part, if he should lose it.

Colored people are not worrying now as much as they used to do. They are working so hard that they do not have the time to worry.

President Taft is cutting down expenses. He had this to do, or else bankrupt the government before he was half way through with his administration.

People who are most extravagant are usually the most vehement in declaring what they could and would do if they had more money at their disposal.

A college education is valuable for leaders and an industrial education is essential to those who prefer the low lands of material progress.

A person who runs away from trouble usually runs into some other trouble worse than that which he is endeavoring to avoid.

Some people substitute mourning and prayer for labor and as a result, God permits them to starve to death in order that they may come to Him.

Complaining is a necessary evil at times, but when it enters into ones make up to the exclusion of praise, it becomes a serious handicap to the person who has attained the habit.

It seems that a Taft Republican and a Taft Democrat are not on an equal footing in Washington. At least, as far as the South is concerned. The former has a rough voyage in a search for office and the latter has smooth sailing, when on a similar mission.

Colored people are certainly increasing their worldly possessions. If you have any doubt about it, look around you.

The colored people of Maryland, with the aid of many white folks, have decided to appeal to the United States Supreme Court in the suffrage cases. It is good to have hope and we wish them success, but we confess that we fear that some of them will die of old age before they see a culmination of their hopes at the hands of that tribunal. We hope though, we are mistaken.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW POLICY.

The Washington D. C. Post, in its issue of the 5th inst. publishes the following interesting bit of information:

A movement is afoot to have the President make a change in the office of register of the Treasury. It is said a delegation of Southern Republicans and Democrats will call upon the President in a few days and petition him to name a white man for the position now held by William T. Vernon, colored, appointed by President Roosevelt. Mr. Vernon has been almost a daily caller at the White House in the last two weeks.

Coincident with the report of the movement was the conversation of the President and Booker T. Washington Thursday at the White House.

President Taft made it known in the conversation with Dr. Washington that he intended wiping out sectional lines all over the country, both in the so-called "solid South" and the North. It is not the intention of the President to confine merely to Southern States which might be brought into the Republican column his policy of appointing to the office only such men as have the thorough respect and confidence of the communities in which they live and in which they hold offices.

This is the logical outcome of the very positive declarations made by President Taft in his inaugural address. It was this fact that led us to condemn it and to take a position which would place the thoughtful conservative colored citizens of the country in the proper light before the world. Race prejudice exists by what it feeds upon. To yield up one principle in the interest of harmony is to give up all others for the same reason. Colored men must contend for vital principles and submit only when forced so to do and then only under protest.

The injustice involved in this attitude of President William H. Taft should be evident even to a blind man. He is endeavoring to make peace when he is really stirring up discord. No great question is ever settled until it is settled right. In endeavoring to please the Negro-hating contingent of the South-land, he is shocking the moral sentiment of the North and it will be heard from sooner or later. No injustice done to the colored citizen can fail to react upon the white citizen.

That Register W. T. Vernon, realizes the seriousness of the situation, is apparent if we are to judge by his frequent visits to the White House of the nation. As strange as it may seem to some people, we are not among those who believe that Dr. Booker T. Washington has gone so far as to approve the removal of a colored man of Mr. Vernon's type and calibre from the office he now occupies. If any one has any such evidence, we should be glad to have it furnished to the colored people of the country. It may be seen now too the far-reaching effect of President Taft's action in unofficially notifying Dr. Crum that he would not be re-appointed by him.

This was "first blood" for the Negro-haters and they have been very active ever since. The Post says further:

A prominent Southern Republican said last night that Mr. Taft would make greater headway in his efforts to wipe out sectionalism by dropping in negroes appointed to offices in which Southern white men work. This Republican added that the President would gain a strong following in the South if he would appoint a white man to the position of register of the Treasury.

Conditions in the Southern States formed the subject of the conversation between the President and Dr. Washington. Mr. Taft took the occasion to make known to Dr. Washington some ideas he had formed in regard to Southern political and industrial problems involving the negro.

In the course of the conversation the President indicated that in his opinion the training of negroes in industrial pursuits was having the effect of obtaining for such negroes a greater degree of respect from the best element of the white population. The President spoke also of his desire to do all that was possible during his administration to eradicate sectional feeling and erase prejudices that had developed between the South and the North.

The President made it known that he has determined to give a thorough trial to his policy of bringing about a better feeling in the South toward the Republican administration in Washington and toward the Northern and Western States, which form the backbone of Republican strength.

This seems to us though to be a

semi-official announcement that colored Republican office-holders in Washington must give way to the sentiment alleged to be now existing in this section of the country, and go to the rear. Whether or not, he has been encouraged so to do by some of the disappointed Negro leaders themselves remains to be seen. For our part, we are of the opinion that if this is true the distinguished occupant is making the mistake of his life. We expect to oppose him upon such an issue and while we have been a rock-ribbed Republican all of our life, we expect to carry on the campaign against such a policy to the end of the chapter on earth and if God will permit of it, we expect to continue the warfare against it in heaven.

"GEORGIA AND THE SOUTH."

The New York Sun, in its issue of the 7th inst. seems to understand fully the situation relative to the issues involved in the employment of colored firemen on the Georgia railroad and says:

It is perfectly well understood in Georgia, and for that matter throughout the Southern States, but does not seem to have dawned as yet upon the consciousness of the outer world, that all that are best among the whites favor the idea of the negro firemen, and all that are most shiftless and irresponsible and insensate are on the other side.

This is the statement of a fact that is plainly evident to anyone who has taken the time to investigate the subject. It continues:

The negro stands today very much where he stood when a slave before the civil war. His friends and sympathizers then were of the class to which his owners belonged. His friends and sympathizers today are the descendants of those owners and their social congeners, whereby we mean the great mass of the cultivated together with the land holders and the taxpayers. The negro's enemies, before the war, were the Crackers, the sand hillers and the wool haters who were treated as less important than a well fed slave negro and resented it accordingly. His enemies today are the descendants of those ancient antagonists. In the emotions and proclivities of the South there has been no change of importance in three hundred years. The same old hatred and resentments survive, the same vendettas keep to their stolid and relentless paths. The antebellum "Cracker," shivering against his rickety fence, surveyed the pampered driver of the planter's coach and turned yellow as ever in his slow moving rancor. The "Cracker" of the present time hates the progeny of the former slave with all the ancient passion.

This is the "gospel truth." This position is emphasized by the Sun's emphatic comment. Here it is:

There is nothing else in it. Not more than one in ten of the mobs that have beset the Georgia railroad stations wants to work or would know how to do it if he had the chance. They want to banish the negro from his occupation, and the railway companies may go hang for all they care.

Now, this is rather a blunt way of stating the case, but it is certainly the unvarnished truth. The Sun is equally as fortunate in its language when it says:

On the other side are the preferences and sympathies of the substantial and responsible elements of the population. They are restrained in the matter of their demonstrations by a sense of accountability to society, but their feeling is deep seated, earnest, traditional, and in emergency available. It is idle, of course to try to explain these problems to Northern people who have neither the time nor the inclination to examine them. The academic class inspects the educated negro as a new and interesting specimen, while others have no leisure to waste upon him; but the great mass of negro artisans, mechanics, &c., are native to the South. Under the changed conditions induced by the civil war they retain the respect and the good will of the sons and grandsons of their former masters. They occupy the places once occupied by their progenitors under slavery, and are envied by the same affection and solicitude; but the mob talks nowadays and the gentry hold their tongues. The reason is that Hoke Smith, the mob leader, is Governor, and Joseph Brown, the friend of law and order, still awaits inauguration.

The struggle is gathering. It will spread beyond Georgia, and the end of it no man may prophesy.

It is surprising that the above editorial remarks are not from the pen of a southerner of the old school or one of his off-spring. When the writer says, "The mob talks nowadays and the gentry hold their tongues," he has stated the situation in a nutshell. But a few more Georgia Railroad strikes, where southern white men are managing the railroads and northern white men are financing them, and there will be an awakening of all parts of the country to the value of the industrious, thrifty Negroes in contrast to the worthlessness of the trifling, loafing white men. When we note the injustice being visited upon us and the rifts in the cloud of oppression as indicated by the language used in the editorial columns of such a representation

tative northern news-paper as the New York Sun, we feel like exclaiming in the words of McKinley:

"It's God's way; His will be done, not ours."

A LYNCHING IN FLORIDA.

The action of a mob in Florida seems to emphasize the fact that the strong arm of the law is not terrifying in that State. No description as to the barbarous nature of the crime could equal the report of the facts sent out from the scene of the crime. Here it is:

Tallahassee, Fla., June 6.—Dangling from a limb in the county jail yard, and within sight of the dome of Florida's capitol, the lifeless body of Maik Morris, colored, greeted the people of this city this morning. Already condemned to death for the murder of William Langston, late sheriff of this county, this negro would have, within a few weeks, paid the penalty of his crime with his life at the hands of the law. A mob of not more than fifteen men decreed otherwise, however, and at 3 o'clock this morning Morris was dragged from his cell in the jail and strung to the limb of a tree within the jail enclosure. As if to add emphasis to their lawlessness, the masked band emptied a round of cartridges into the lifeless body of the negro and rode away without the slightest molestation.

Sheriff Houston was in Georgia, and when the lynchers arrived at the jail they brought the jailer to the door with the ease that they had a prisoner, overpowered him, took his keys, secured the negro Morris, locked the jailer in Morris's cell, and soon accomplished their work.

This then is a recital of the story and here follow the facts, which go to prove that these murderers killed a lyncher.

Lately Morris had been acting strangely, and it is believed fear that the negro would attempt to escape the gallows through feigned insanity prompted the act of the mob, which this morning took the law into its own hands to avenge the death of Sheriff Langston.

Langston was killed by the negro Morris in March last while the sheriff was attempting to arrest him for a crime committed in Georgia. There was considerable excitement following the killing of the officer, and for three days posers with bloodhounds scoured the turpentine woods and swamps in search of Morris, lynch being recognized as inevitable in case of capture at that time. He was later captured in Georgia and taken to Jacksonville for safe-keeping until the date of his trial here. Morris pleaded guilty to the murder charge, receiving the death sentence, and Governor Gilchrist named an early date for his execution, since when there had been no intimation of lynching.

The coroner's inquest today failed to develop any clue as to the identity of the men composing the mob.

It is plainly evident that there was absolutely no excuse for his lynching. He had been captured, tried and speedily convicted and the time of his execution had been fixed at the earliest possible moment.

The coroner's jury proceeds to demonstrate that no effort will be made to punish the murderers for it declares that there is no clue to the identity of the men composing the mob. This brings to mind the oft repeated question. What right has a sheriff or a jailer to disarm a man, place him helpless in a jail, if the one or the other does not propose to defend him against lawless parties?

It also brings to mind another question. It is best for a Negro charged with a heinous crime to submit to arrest when he knows that he will be confined in a jail where he will not be afforded adequate protection? It is better to die fighting like a brave man than to submit to execution like a cur-dog? We have more than once had this proposition presented and it seems to us that the proper way to check this species of lawlessness is to meet the lynchers and murderers face to face and die fighting with a gun in our hands.

White men have won admiration and courted fame by just such a course and some colored men would profit much by following their example. Lynch-law must go!

PRESIDENT TAFT AND THE LILY WHITES.

We are of the opinion that colored people will get their eyes wide open after a while. The following extract from the Washington D. C. Post of Thursday, 3d inst. explains itself:

The President continues to keep up his winning streak at golf. Yesterday afternoon in a match on the links of the Chevy Chase Club the President defeated his brother Charles.

President Taft again showed that his sympathies are with the faction of the Republican party in the South known as the "Lily Whites," by nominating Louis P. Bryant, of Louisiana, to be surveyor of customs in the district of New Orleans. Bryant was endorsed by Pearl Wright, leader of the "Lily Whites," after a conference a few days ago with the President. The regular Republicans in Louisiana, under the leadership of the State chairman, endorsed another candidate.

He is adopting one policy in the

South-land and another in the North-land and the colored man is being treated like an Indian. He is in the government, but not of it. Perhaps it may all turn out for the best, but the average Republican citizen who can observe these actions with equanimity is a wonder and should be sent to the National Museum as a curiosity.

It is a strange kind of Republicanism that can sacrifice principles for expediency. It always has been a failure in the long run and it always will be. Still, it will not be without its lessons and those colored political leaders, who could not see and who sacrificed vital racial principles for temporary financial supremacy will be the ones who will suffer most. President Taft can continue to enjoy himself at golf, but he is making many a heart ache in breasts that have stood the storm for the party and have faced death for a cause that they loved so well.

Colored men, take your eyes from Washington and centre such hopes as yet remain upon the Executive Mansions in the several Southern States. The Democratic Party has as a rule selected southern gentlemen to occupy these residences and it may be that we shall not appeal to them in vain.

A NEGRO HATER LOOSE.

We are not surprised that a moss-back, bourbon Democratic state senator would try to cripple an educational institution. It is not to be wondered at, but that a number of conservative Democratic senators should be swept off their feet by argument based alone on race prejudice is surprising. Here is the way Senator Cone is quoted:

Tallahassee, Fla., June 4.—The spirit which prompted the senate late last night to strike out a \$25,000 appropriation from the funds allotted the Negro Agricultural and Mechanical College of this State, was voiced by the speech of Senator Cone.

"Take these brass buttons and chevrons away from these negro boys and make them plow the fields. Think of it, men, negroes wearing uniforms and walking around the streets of our capital city. Patent leather shoes, red neckties, brass buttons and chevrons are breeding in the breast of every negro the ambition to be a Booker Washington and eat at some white man's table. It is not right to appropriate to them all of this money to be used in that way. Why, they even have tennis courts out there.

"Let's make them wear homespun shirts, jeans breeches and get in the fields and plow. We will cut this appropriation down and say to our State board of control, 'You take these uniforms from these negroes or we will ask the governor to remove you.'

"We have got to stop them or we will have trouble with them pretty soon."

If the white men of the South will not educate the Negroes, then the white men of the North will do it and in their own way and according to their own manner and methods. President Taft would do well to sit up and take notice. This is one of the first replies to his new policy in the South-land and there will be many more of the same kind before he is many years older.

AN OLD STORY.

This life is an old, old story,
Told o'er and o'er again;
The sum of man's poor glory,
The heartache and the pain;
The restless turmoil,
The never-ending strife,
The years of bitter tolling,
The fond ambitions rife.

This life is an old, old story,
Told o'er and o'er again;
A soldier dead and gory,
On a crowded battle plain;
A task left half-completed,
A sigh, a lonely grave,
For the victor and the defeated,
For the coward and the brave!

Making It Unanimous.
Rev. Anna Shaw was discussing playfully her contention—raised at Mrs. Clarence Mackay's house—that man, not woman, was too emotional to vote.

"Why," said the learned lady, "take all these extraordinary jury stories. They show the most intense emotionalism. And yet they have nothing to do with women."

"For instance, there's the story of the tin can murderer. The jury remained out 34 hours. Then it filed back into the courtroom, very stale and ill humored."

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" said the judge.

"Well," said the foreman, "11 on us is for hangin', judge, yer honor; but the twelfth man sticks out for acquittal, and there ain't no arguin' with him. He's a low down, no 'count rooster, anyways, and so we've decided to make our verdict unanimous by hangin' 'em both."

Odd Dishes.

Green peppers stuffed with macaroni, mixed with white sauce and grated cheese.
Canned cherries put into orange skins, mixed with oil and vinegar, with mayonnaise and nuts on top.

Laying by Rainy Day Cash.

"How long do you expect to remain president of this country?" said the humorous official.

"I don't know," answered the South American leader. "It depends more or less on how good business is."—Washington Star.

TRAILERS.

In life you'll find
A certain kind
Whose forte is imitating;
You'll recognize
With half-shut eyes,
'Tis but the truth I'm stating.
The thoughts they think,
The stuff they drink,
The styles of clothes they're wearing
The books they read,
The rules they heed,
Their ways to take an airing;
The words they say,
The price they pay—
All, all are patterned after
Another's mind,
Himself as blind,
A worthy cause for laughter!

Coming Down Easy.

Inquiries after the welfare of Patrick Conroy were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Conroys in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurt at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door.

"We heard he had a bad fall, and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbor.

"'Tis a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan in his cheerful roar. "Thru, he fell off'n the roof of the Brady stables, where he was shinglin', as he broke his lift leg, knocked out a couple o' teeth an' broke his collar bone."

"Mind ye, if he'd have fell clear to the ground, it might have hurted him bad, but shure there was a big pile of stones and lumber that broke his fall."—Youth's Companion.

Perfidy Properly Punished.

"Is it true, Mildred," asked the sweet-faced, soft-voiced matron, golden brown hair, "that Lillian Garlinghorn tried to supplant you in the esteem of Lieut. Ketchey?"

"She made a stab at it," yawned Miss Mildred. "I wasn't particularly crushed on the spot, but when I got wise to the fact that Lillian Garlinghorn was trying to cut in I thought I'd just show her that I had her beaten to a cold storage omelet, and I did it."

Social Paradox.
"It's impossible for me to dress on \$5,000 a year."

"Well, my love, you must wear less."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs."—Judge.

FATHER WASN'T HANDSOME.



Mrs. Numther—I don't like it. Everybody says baby looks like his father.

Visitor—Well, I wouldn't worry, dear. It doesn't so much matter in a boy, you know.

Do You?
Be true to yourself.
Good advice, I declare.
There are some who will cheat
When they play solitaire.

Harry—By Jove, I hear that Willie Wigg has resigned from the volunteer fire department. Was the work too strenuous for the dear boy?
Harold—No, but Willie found out that the red shirt didn't harmonize with his white tennis shoes and when they told him to wear boots he resigned.

The Coming Heroine.
Jack—Oh, there is a great love match in this novel.
Eva—The same old thing, I suppose? He loves the ground she walks on?
Jack—No, he loves the air she flies in. This is an up-to-date novel, and she is an airship girl.

Bad Place.
What happened to you in dat laundry, pard?
asked the tall tramp in the drimless hat.
"I got mine," answered his pal, of the ties.
"First day collared me, den dey cuffed me, en den dey took de starch out of me."

No Strengthening There.
Father (proudly)—I tell you, this football and college athletics are making a strong man out of our boy.
Mother (sighing)—I don't notice that he's strong enough yet to bring up a bucket of coal without everybody's noticing the effort.

A Good Start.
"I'm sure my daughter is going to make a great singer some day."
"Is that so?"
"Yes; she's always quarreling with her mother who tells me it is absolutely impossible to manage her."

Shopping Instinct.
"If he has proposed, why don't you give him an answer?"
"I can't make up my mind whether I would like him when I got him home."—Brooklyn Life.

No Chance for an Argument.
"Do you know, sir," said the man in the clerical garb, "that this world will be a miserable place until all intoxicating beverages are done away with?"
"I sure do," replied the man with the crimson beak, "and I'm holding my end of the good work up by doing away with a liberal portion of it every day."

RECIPT THAT CURES WEAK MEN—FREE.

Send Name and Address To-day—
You Can Have It Free and Be
Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 339 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

A LINE OF TALK.

Two telephone girls were talking over the wire one afternoon. The subject of the conversation was a lawn party, which was to take place the next day. Both were discussing what they should wear, and after five minutes had come to no decision.

In the midst of this important conversation a masculine voice interrupted, asking humbly what number he had. The lack of reply did not squelch the inquirer, for he asked again for the number.

One of the girls became indignant and scornfully asked:

"What line do you think you are on, anyhow?"

"Well," said the man, "I am not sure, but judging from what I have heard I should say I was on a clothes-line."

TOO NARROW.

